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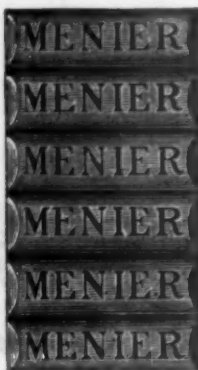
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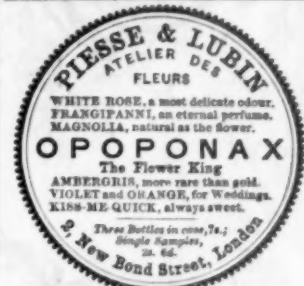
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BILL BUSTER, the Old Jockey, who was suspended for foul riding, so far back as 1874, and was warned off Newmarket Heath for life, in 1878, has now ready his final synopsis for the St. Leger. Has been snubbed by more Owners and thrown out of more Trainers' stables than any other Turf Adviser of the Age. Follow **BILL BUSTER** and the *Queen's Tazee*, not to mention the *Water Rates* may follow you with impunity. Send at once Five Shillings in stamps to Post Office, Ropeborough-on-the-Hill.

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Who sent 100 to 1 Chance for the Two Thousand Guineas? Why **ARCHER! ARCHER! ARCHER!**

FRED ARCHER sent *Golden Ray*, who started 100 to 1, and finished absolutely last.

Who has sent *Paradox* all the Summer for the St. Leger? Why **ARCHER! ARCHER! ARCHER!**

FRED ARCHER has persistently, from what he has seen and from what he has heard, written up the chances of *Paradox* for the St. Leger, disregarding the fact that the colt was never entered in the race. **F. A.** challenges the world to produce a Tipster capable of a similar feat.

WISDOM 1.
BOOBIES 2.

OLD MO., still in Portland, and not out, owing to lack of marks towards diminution of sentence, till next July, when he hopes to meet all his old pals at dear old glorious Goodwood, begs to state that his business is carried on during his absence by his nephews, **IKKY** and **MO JUNR.**, and Incivility, Bad Language, and a Fight over each race guaranteed. No connection with Cucumber Mo, who should be avoided, as he comes of a bad lot.

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MR. BENJAMIN BOLTER has no need to disfigure the columns of the Press with loud and vulgar advertisements, proclaiming to the world how far superior he is to his fellow-men. He states facts. He simply says—

That he is the Proprietor of the *Whitechapel Vaticinator*;
That his Newmarket Correspondent was a Hairdresser's Assistant;
That his Special Commissioner was a Clown in a Circus;
That his Pall Mall Flaneur was a Waiter at the "Spotted Dog,"
Bow, E.

And confidently leaves it to the Public whether he and his talented Staff are not in the best position possible to ascertain facts from the Noblemen and Gentlemen who are the Turf's leading supporters.

A GENTLEMAN, of great experience on the Turf, and one who is in all the really good things, wishes to meet with a Gentleman of similar tastes to accompany him to Doncaster. No applicants unable to put down £50 cash in the Firm need apply.—Apply by letter to the Marker, the Burglars' Rest, Skittle Alley, Strand.

FACTS, NOT WORDS.

Thames Police Court,	'82—6 months for assault.
Marylebone do.	'83—3 months do.
Thames do.	'83—6 months do.
Aintree do.	'84—3 months do.
Epsom do.	'84—6 months do.
Croydon do.	'85—6 months do.

The above speak for themselves. **SLOGGING SAMUEL** is now disengaged, and prepared to settle any accounts over which Bookmakers may have trouble with their clients. "Remember the Slogger's Right." (*Tom Brown's Schooldays*.)

WHO'D HAVE HOCUSED PARADOX?
WHO'D HAVE ROPED MELTON?
WHO'D HAVE LAMED THE BARD?

Why, old **JACK** the Tout, honest old **JACK**, if he'd have had half a chance! Honest old **JACK** has had a bad time, but means going for the gloves now and winning. Such a chance for downright plucky sportsmen, with their hearts in the right place, has never occurred before. Follow honest old **JACK**, and shout

"BREAK THE RING!"

CAROLINES AND PENNY-A-LINERS.

THE news received from Berlin that King **ALPHONSO** had written a short and pressing letter to the German Emperor has naturally excited public opinion as to its contents, and though the *Times* says that "nothing has transpired as to its tenour," and adds "that it is affirmed that the Emperor has communicated it to the Empress and the Prince Imperial, and that all three are very much impressed by it," the following may be regarded as the authentic text of the spirited document in question. Events move fast, and its interest even now is somewhat on the wane; yet, as a factor in the present complication, it is, no less than the prompt reply it elicited, and which is subjoined below, not without its weight.

MADRID, September 14, 1885.

DEAR ROYAL AND IMPERIAL COUSIN AND UNCLE,

WHAT on earth is to be done? Since my last the regrettable incident, to which I will not further refer, has, of course, accentuated the situation, and I fear, whether I will or not, I shall be forced now to assume an attitude that will fill me with lively regret. It is scarcely possible, in the face of the manifestation of popular feeling here, to escape the necessity of telegraphing to the authorities to make some demonstration on the spot. You see how I am placed. Could I not rely on your goodness to order your own vessel to keep well out of the way, if only for a few days? This would seem such a fortunate and desirable solution of the difficulty, which, believe me, at least here, is most acute and pressing. *I am writing this in my Uhlan uniform, that I have put on, not with a view to appearing in it in the balcony before the populace, but as a compliment to you, through your Ambassador, whom I am about to receive in audience.* You see, therefore, that whatever obstacles beset me, I am still and always shall be, Your devoted and anxious Cousin and Nephew,

ALPHONSO.

BERLIN, September 16, 1885.

DEAR ROYAL LITTLE BROTHER AND NEPHEW,

I AM profoundly touched by your appeal, and you may assuredly count on my most excellent good will. Explain your wishes fully to **SOLMS**. Though our worthy Chancellor had not so purposed it, our vessel will not trouble your ships, but proceed to Singapore. Never mind the regrettable incident. Diplomacy will smooth away the excrescences of the situation, and meanwhile keep up your Spanish pecker, and trust loyally to your old and devoted Grandfather and Cousin,

WILLIAM.



A SCOTCH SKETCH.

(GROWING POPULARITY OF THE HIGHLANDS)

Mrs. Smith (of Brizton). "LOR, MR. BROWE, I 'ARDLY KNOO YER! ONLY THINK OF OUR MEETIN' 'ERE, THIS YEAR, INSTEAD OF DEAR OLD MARGIT! AN' I SUPPOSE THAT 'S THE COSTUME YOU GO SALMON-STALKING IN!"

LETTER TO ASHMEAD BARTLETT, ESQ.

(Care of the Right Hon. Mr. Punch.)

MY DEAR DAME BARTLETT,—You ought to be more careful now you have asked yourself into office. You have been, so far, but a note of interrogation; promote yourself to a full stop now. An I for an Eye has scriptural warrant, but the maxim may be abused.

These remarks, my dear Dame, are due to a report of a speech which you made somewhere the other day. This is a bit of what you said:—

"No language was strong enough to condemn the politician who underrated the need for England of a paramount Navy. He [Eye, that is] would pass over the Imperial value of our maritime power—the glory, prestige, honour, those priceless attributes of a great and self-respecting nation. The sickly and pusillanimous cosmopolitanism and the flabby and fantastic sentimentalism of our day despised these noble heritages of an illustrious past, and laboured to supersede them by the cult of every worthless barbarism and every antagonistic interest, and by their universal and new-fangled Panjandrum, ruinous scuttle, and shame."

Now I never myself heard of any politician who underrated the need of a paramount Navy. My dear Eye, I thought we were all agreed about it. But your English, BARTLETT—your English! I would charitably hope that you had taken too much of your hosts' wine. But you had not. For if you had, you could not possibly have made such a sentence as "the sickly and pusillanimous cosmopolitanism and the flabby and fantastic sentimentalism" clear to any human being, let alone a reporter. Try it when a little sprung. Then, dear Dame, what do you think you mean by "a universal and new-fangled Panjandrum"? What is a Panjandrum? A prescription? a jorum? Unless you were haunted with vague ideas of yourself in the character of a little round button at top, I am unable to arrive at the remotest conclusion as to what you thought you meant. A common Panjandrum is said to be a kind of Javanese Common-Councilman. A universal and new-fangled Panjandrum becomes an

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.*

THE DIRGE OF THE DISAPPOINTED DINER.

AIR—"Twickenham Ferry."

"At a meeting of the Twickenham Local Board, the Chairman (Mr. C. J. THRUFF) stated that the accumulations of mud in the river within their district were just as bad now as last year. During the past week the Twickenham Ferry had been unable to work from its usual place."—*Globe*.

DEAR me, oh dear me, where is Twickenham Ferry?
(There's plenty of mud, the stream running down.)

I see not a boat, so I'm not feeling merry,
Though asked out to dinner in Twickenham town:
They dine at, I'm certain, a quarter to eight,
So I gaze on the mud-banks, bemoaning my fate;
For there is not a punt, or a skiff, or a wherry,
Or chance of my dining in Twickenham town!

DEAR me, it is strange, where is Twickenham Ferry?
(There's plenty of mud, the stream running down.)
I'm getting an-hungered, and savage feel very,
They're punctual diners in Twickenham town!
I cannot get over, howe'er I may wish—
They have finished the soup, they're beginning the fish,
They have had a few glasses of excellent sherry—
I would I were dining in Twickenham town!

DEAR me, it is odd, where is Twickenham Ferry?
(There's plenty of mud, the stream running down.)
I'd roast the Conservancy Board like a berry,
For barring my progress to Twickenham town!
I'm perfectly sober, but something is wrong—
Does Twickenham Ferry exist but in song?
I'm as likely to-night to be dancing in Kerry,
As taking my dinner in Twickenham town!

* Where on earth has he been all this time? Lazy!! There never was such a Lazy Minstrel! But, after this contribution, we are pretty sure to receive a visit from him.—ED.

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.—"A Lover of SHAKESPEARE residing at Pegwell Bay" writes to know where the line—

"Ye potted shrimps with double tongue,"

is to be found in the Works of the Divine WILLIAMS, and if the coincidence may be taken to refer to the Poet's peculiar fancy for two dishes at breakfast, the one being potted shrimps and the other double or "rolled tongue"? The line he quotes may probably be found in the first folio, but we have lent ours, and it has not yet been returned.

unutterable nightmare. A "ruinous scuttle" is also a vile phrase, especially when suddenly wound up with such a common-place expression (so unworthy of you, BARTLETT) as "shame." Coals are dear, but scuttles are much as they have been since OSCAR improved them. Think of your parents! Mr. and Mrs. BARTLETT, Senior, will be summoned and fined by the School Board of Eye for not enforcing your attendance, if you go on like this.

We will part on friendly terms this time, dear Dame, but do take care. Have you ever read the *Ingoldsby Legends*? Hardly, I should think. But consider this stanza with a variation:—

Lord SALISBURY, RANDOLPH, and each Tory man
May say what they please, and may do what they can;
But one thing seems remarkably clear—
They may go out to-morrow, or stay in next year,
Make his borough a "district," or anything try,
They'll never get quit of the Member for Eye!

Warningly yours, STRATTON STRAWLERS.

A HATEFUL HABIT.

COLONEL SIR FRANCIS BOLTON, giving evidence at the inquest held on the poor lady who died from the effect of burns received at the Inventions Exhibition, deposed that it was a very common practice to throw lighted matches on the ground at the Exhibition, and that he had been looking out for an accident of this kind for some months. Inspector ROWLAND stated that on the same night he counted twenty persons who perpetrated this act of callous imbecility. Twenty possible homicides, and—alas!—one actual one, and all from that unpardonable "want of thought" which is almost as bad, and sometimes quite as mischievous, as "want of heart." The Coroner and the Jury agreed that the mischievous habit must be "put down"; and Mr. Punch hopes that the cruel death of this poor victim of selfish folly may at least have the effect of hastening on that "consummation most devoutly to be wished."

THE GERMAN SAUSAGE AND THE SPANISH ONION.

"The question as to which of the two Powers may be entitled to exercise sovereign rights in the Caroline Islands, is not sufficiently important to tempt the Imperial Government to seek a solution of it by departing from the conciliatory traditions of its policy, which have always been especially friendly to Spain."—*Prince Bismarck's Despatch to Count Solms.*



German Sausage, loquitur:—

"ONION is strength," methinks I've heard.
Strength of a sort, no doubt.
I would be a little bit absurd
For us to tumble out.

I cannot "eat the leek," of course—
'Twere easier to eat you;
But is there nothing but sheer force
To settle 'twixt us two?
Cheer up, my odorous esculent!
I love you—like a brother.

I'm sure that we were never meant
To gobble up each other.
Don't frown at me, you furious mite, you!
You really do me wrong.
I've not the smallest wish to bite you.
You are (*winks*) so awfully strong!

ON A CERTAIN RECALL.

SOME hint Sir CHARLES in wisdom was found lacking.
That's probably a case of WARREN's blacking.

'ARRY THE ARISTOCRAT.—On the wall of what is called "The Etablissement," at Ramsgate, is posted up this notice—"SELECT BALL EVERY EVENING. Admission, 6d."

A SHORT HOLIDAY CRUISE.

Over old Ground—On Board—The Mystic Umbrella—The Composer in a New Character—Arrival—Under Weigh.

ONCE more going North from Euston, with my friend, CULLINS the Composer, whose charming song "*The Past is but a Muddled Dream*," recently created such a *furor* in musical circles, both bound for the Yacht *Aramantha*. We go by the Limited Mail, and find an unlimited female trying to take possession of our seats. She has had,



A Figure Head.

however, to argue with a sturdy Scotch Guard, and is now confronted and put utterly to rout by the lawful owners. She disappears, and is heard no more. It is late in the season for a cruise, and we fear the weather is breaking. We hope for the best, and are more or less prepared for the worst. Uneventful journey. At Carlisle, hunger being a sharp thorn, we try a cup of luke-warm and doubtful coffee and attempt a nibble at a slice of bread-and-butter, to which the description of some fine ancient vintage would apply—"curious, old, and very dry." It is nine minutes past 5 A.M., and the Guard did not inform us that, as we were bound for Stranraer, we had at least a quarter of an hour to spare, instead of being hurried off in five minutes. Why has he kept this a secret? There might have been something better at Carlisle, after all, than the above-mentioned fossil bread-and-butter, tepid coffee, and indifferent tea, which last considerably upset the Composer's equanimity. However, he justified his professional claims by composing himself to sleep; and repose, not conversation, being our object, we were more or less somnolent, and perfectly silent.

N.B.—North Britain. Sunrise very effective. I draw the Composer's attention to it, thinking he would like to compose something about a Sunrise,—say a *Sunata*,—but he only turns round and burrows into the cushion, muttering "Sunrise be blowed!" The Composer is evidently a trifle crusty. To adapt Dr. Watts's *Sluggard*, "I have called him too soon, I shan't call him again." We pass the "Irving Arms Hotel." Evidently a theatrical district. Wonder if there's an "Irving Legs Hotel"? Nobody visible; only geese and donkeys out at this time of the morning. This observation would not be a safe one to make in the presence of a man gifted with what in Shakspearian times was styled "a pretty wit." He would be sure to use it against you. In his present sociable frame of mind, I fancy the Composer would if I gave him a chance.

Dumfries.—The Composer murmurs, as he gazes wearily through the window at nothing in particular, "Um! Castle of Dumfries. Let me see—what happened there? Siege—I think—subject for cantata—or opera." Then he dives down again head-foremost, and disappears under a rug.

At Lochmaben, or some such name, which sounds to the initiated as if not totally unconnected with the mysteries of Freemasonry, we don't stop, but only considerably slacken speed, and the train passes as it were on tiptoe, so as not to disturb the sleeping inhabitants. Perhaps there's a special signal up "Please don't wake the Station Master." If not, it is remarkably thoughtful of the driver, and let us include the stoker, who may have suggested this idea to the driver.

Stranraer.—We both regard one another dubiously. The sea is, there is no concealing the fact, the sea is just a little less calm than we could have wished. The Composer, pulling himself together, announces his intention of taking breakfast on board the steamer which is to convey us to Larne, in Ireland. I follow suit, with qualms.

We embark. We breakfast. I am bound to admit, an excellent breakfast, as this meal, in Scotland, universally is. Also cheap. It is ready for you immediately you come on board, and you sit down to it before the boat starts. *Verbum sap.* After it, I lie down in the saloon, being unwilling to trust myself on deck, a proceeding which would result in my arriving at the Yacht a mere wreck, a pale phantom of my usual self. But I know that the evil hour must come. I have a presentiment. So I stay below. The Composer excitedly hurries down, to inform me that the Captain has got a powerful magnetic umbrella which will much interest me. It attracts the compass. Let it; it won't attract me; and I remain where I am. *J'y suis, j'y reste.* When the steamer stops at Larne, however, CULLINS, who is as brisk as if he had never done anything all his life but skip up and down a companion, insists upon my seeing the Captain go through his performance with the compass and the umbrella. CULLINS acting as showman, having taken the Captain entirely under his patronage, as I will now explain.

In the Captain's existence this episode of the magnetic umbrella marks an epoch. He is just now full of it. I believe that till CULLINS came on board he has been in the habit of delivering a series of seriously scientific lectures to detachments of passengers, con-

sisting of as many as can at one time find standing-room in the little deck steerage-house, to whom he has at considerable length enlarged, on the divergences of the compass as affected by a magnetised umbrella; and in this instructive exhibition he has generally been assisted by any amenable passenger who would carry the umbrella and obey the Captain's directions. But with the appearance of CULLINS all this is changed. CULLINS, in spite of his being an eminent composer, has a hard, sharp, and undeniable manner with him, which takes a stranger by surprise, and compels him, on the first impulse, to render blind obedience to the Composer's dictates.

Physically, the Captain of the steamer would make three of CULLINS, but the latter holds him with his glittering eye, and has much the same effect on the Captain, as the magnetised umbrella has upon the compass.

The Captain is talking to a friend, and is on the point of quitting the ship. But CULLINS won't allow anything of the sort.

"Here, Captain! Hi! hi!" he cries. "Come back! Here's the gentleman to see the umbrella." And back comes the burly Sea Captain, with a rolling gait, like one of his own steamers in a ground swell, and submissively produces the umbrella, inviting me to follow him into the steerage-house.

"Ye'll just mark the compass," he commences, very slowly, being evidently deeply impressed by the immense importance of this scientific phenomenon, when CULLINS cuts in—

"The Captain means," says CULLINS, briskly interrupting, and acting as a lively showman and also interpreter, as though the Captain had been addressing me in some strange foreign language,— "The Captain means to say that he wants you to see the effect which that umbrella—its frame is made of magnetised steel—has upon the compass."

The Captain, who has not yet recovered his breath, he has been so completely staggered by the words being taken out of his mouth, nods his head in token of assent, and is evidently beginning to ask himself whether he is in a dream, and if he is still commanding on board his own ship or not. But CULLINS, whose tone and action have drawn a certain number of idlers from the landing-stage, and caused some of the departing passengers to pause, having now got together something like a respectable audience, with me as a sort of chairman, to whom he can personally address his remarks, continues in his sprightliest style—

"You see," he says, addressing me, in my aforesaid imaginary capacity, in the first instance, and then taking his audience into his confidence right and left, "one night the Captain looked in here, and found the compass was indicating the wrong course—" Here he turns to the Captain for corroboration, and obtains it, the Captain bending his head slowly forward like a mechanical wax figure. From his puzzled expression I can see that CULLINS is not putting the case with nautical precision as concerns details, but that, on the whole, the narration is correct, and the Captain, listening to his own story as if he were hearing it still in a dream, cannot recover himself sufficiently to wake up, and tell it properly himself.

"And," continues CULLINS, looking round at his auditors, who, from their attitude of respectful attention, I fancy now begin to think that he is either the Managing Director of the Company, or the sole proprietor of the steamers on the Stranraer and Larne route, "when the Captain noticed this, he took charge of the steering himself. The compass still varied, turning this way and that way"—here, following the dramatic movement of CULLINS's hands, the audience listen with breathless interest,— "the Captain, as a thoroughly experienced sailor,"—here they all regard the Captain with admiration, and he himself looks modestly down, as though he were having his health proposed by CULLINS, and were meditating what on earth he should say in reply,— "knew that there must be some counteracting influence. But no one was here with him, no one was, as far as he could see in the dark night, outside. But, not satisfied, he looked out again, and then he saw an elderly Gentleman." The Captain nods, and intimates that CULLINS is now on the right track.

I, in my temporary character of Chairman of a Scientific Association listening to instruction, give a dignified bow of encouragement to the lecturer, the audience draw breath and won't lose a word of it. CULLINS proceeds:—"The Captain asked him to step in. Directly he did so, the compass went right round at him." Audience takes this literally, and show signs of alarm. They think CULLINS and the Captain are Spiritualists. "The Captain said, 'Sir, you have something about you which interferes with the true action of the compass.' The middle-aged Stranger indignantly denied it. The Captain requested that he would allow himself to be searched." Great excitement among audience. All eyes on the Captain. Captain a bit bewildered, evidently doesn't quite recognise himself in this part of the narrative. CULLINS goes on as if he were addressing a jury:

"The gentleman resented this. The Captain insisted. He pointed out that he couldn't allow his ship to be run out of her course, and all their lives endangered because the elderly passenger had a bit of steel in his pocket, or whatever it might be that so powerfully affected the compass. Well, he was searched thoroughly, and nothing was found."

Breathless interest. Everyone, myself included, expecting that the stranger would turn out to be a sort of human electric-eel, a very attractive, and yet a shocking sort of person.

The Captain having partially recovered the use of his voice, is heard to murmur something, but CULLINS won't have it, and means to go on as he has begun:—

"In order to be searched he had to take off his coat, and to do that he deposited his umbrella outside. The search being over, he went out at the left door, but this time the compass didn't follow him, but pointed right. Out went the Captain,—this sounds like the song and chorus of "*Down went the Captain, down went the Crew*," and I fancy from a note in the Composer's voice, that a reminiscence of this is in his harmonious and retentive mind; it is at all events an opportunity for a chorus which everyone present has allowed to escape.—"Out went the Captain, and there was an umbrella." Immense sensation. Startling dramatic situation. "Is this yours?" he called out to the passenger. It was. "Then, look here," said the Captain, "this umbrella has been magnetised, and you might have wrecked us all with it." Audience thrilled with horror. CULLINS points to the Captain, and says:—

"Captain, have the goodness to produce the umbrella, and show us how it acts upon the compass."

The Captain, as passively obedient as the mesmerised lady who carries out to the letter the conjuror's orders, at once complies. He doesn't say anything, but he moves the umbrella first to the right, then to the left, and we all crowd round the compass watching its extraordinary revolutions. Everyone exclaims, "Well, that is curious!" and generally regard CULLINS and the Captain with a lurking suspicion that they are confederates in a swindle, and that there will be something to pay for the show.

"Now, Captain," says CULLINS, authoritatively, "take the umbrella outside."

The Captain obeys. He takes it outside, and looks at us with a curious sadness through the window. The compass persistently follows the movements of the Captain with the umbrella.

"There's clearly no trick about it," observes one of the audience, in an undertone, to a friend, who replies, "Oh, no; it's quite genuine." Then the little crowd breaks up and melts away gradually, as they do from the front of a Punch and Judy Show when the man is preparing to go round with the hat, while I hear murmurs of "Oh, very curious! most interesting!" as they disappear one by one, and two by two, in a surreptitious, shuffling sort of way, as if they were conscious of having encouraged a showman under false pretences, and were now sneaking off without paying for the entertainment.

I am left standing by the compass.

"It is most remarkable," I sagely observe, and I don't know whether to congratulate the Captain on the acquisition of the old umbrella, or to condole with him on the loss of his brand-new one, which, he informs me, he has given to the mysterious and dangerous passenger in exchange for the magnetic instrument. It is a second-hand kind of article, and, as a protection against rain, is, I see, utterly useless. Certainly the Mysterious Traveller got the best of the bargain.

A voice from the quay here sings out, "Hi! you fellows!" and, in another second, CULLINS has caught the tone, forgotten all about the Captain and his umbrella, and, exclaiming to me, "Hi! here! Come along! here's MELLEVILLE," he has hurried over the gangway, and is shaking hands heartily with our host and old friend MELLEVILLE, owner of the *Amarintha*. I wish the Captain "Good-bye!" and join our friends on the pier of Larnie Harbour.

"Blowing a bit fresh," observes MELLEVILLE. "But I suppose you'd like to get under weigh at once?"

Certainly, if that suits him. It does. And so, directly we are on board the *Amarintha*—and to reach her we have a somewhat uneasy experience in the gig, rowed by four of the stalwart crew—we shall start for—where?

"Well, we shall make for Oban, but we shan't get there to-day," says MELLEVILLE; "though," he adds, "it ought to be a very good sailing-day."

CULLINS the Composer, no longer the Showman, Lecturer, and the despotic Commander, seems, so to speak, to have retired within himself, and to be disinclined to come out again.

Once more, traps and all, on board the *Amarintha*. The *Amarintha* evidently wants to get away; she is very restless, and is jumping about as fresh as a horse that has been three days shut up in the stable.

Up she goes! Down she goes! Sideways she goes to the left! Sideways she goes to the right! Up she goes! Down she goes!

"Now, what would you both like to do!" asks MELLEVILLE, cheerily.

CULLINS and myself,—I see the reply in his eye, and I feel it is in mine,—would say, if we might speak out honestly, "Please, Sir,—we'd like to go back again." But we are here for a holiday cruise, and so I answer, boldly,—

"Well—I think—I'll—in fact, I think I'd better"—(Up she

goes! and down she goes! and sideways she goes! and roll she goes!)

"—I think I'd better go below, and—lie down,—eh? Don't you?"

"Certainly," returns MELLEVILLE; "far the best way,—and get it over!"

CULLINS has already vanished. I descend the companion. Up she goes again! Whop she goes! Yeo ho! One, two, three, pull!

Round she goes! Sideways she goes! Can't unpack. Down she goes! Where's berth? Sideways she goes! Berth meets me half-way. Whop she goes! Over she goes! Flop she goes! Down she goes!

And down I go, flat on my back—and they don't see me again till dinner-time.

Happy and Consoling Thought.—The great NELSON was always ill when he first came on board ship.

Up she goes! Down she goes! Rattle, rattle, rattle! Flop. Boom bang! Whop. One, two, three, pull! One, two, three, pull! S-a-s-swish she goes through the water! We are under weigh. About she goes! Sideways she goes! Oh! And poor Brer Rabbit lays low.

(To be continued—I think.)



Being Towed in.

A SONG FOR SKEGNESS.

"It is just the place for a few hours at the sea-side, the Paradise of the 'Cheap-tripper,' with wide-spreading sands, whereupon children can disport themselves with perfect safety."—*Standard*.

Do you like the North Wind with the roar of the seas,
As the spray flies afar on the boisterous breeze;
Do you care for a pier that is terribly long,
With a room at the end for the dance and the song;
Do you sigh for a place where there's no need to dress
In fine clothes, then away to the shores of Skegness.

Are you fond of cheap trips, when our 'ARRY's about,
And his rather cacophonous laughter rings out;
Do you go to the sea-side to rollick and joke,
And to ride up and down on a poor little "moke;"
If you care for a swing, if you dare to confess
To a love for Aunt Sally, then go to Skegness.

If you care by the far-sounding ocean to stand,
And to watch little children build forts on the sand;
If you wish to be photographed there by the sea,
With a pipe in your mouth, as if out on the spree;
Why, go to the Lincolnshire sea-coast, and bless
Your stars that you thought of a day at Skegness.

If you like a plain tea, here are folks "on the job,"
Who will do it for ninepence, with shrimps for a "bob."
Hot water costs twopence, no great store of pelf,
While the wily excursionist brings grog himself.
There's a whale too on view—it were long to express
All the wonderful things you can see at Skegness.

Are you fond of a neighbourhood perfectly flat,
With never a hill that's as high as your hat;
Do you care for a place where, you must understand,
There is nought to be seen but the sea and the sand,
With an atmosphere bracing; you'll pack up, I guess,
And go off for a trip to that breezy Skegness.

Seasonable Munificence?

A DIGNITARY of the Established Church, in a pastoral on Funeral Reform, recommends the performance of obsequies with decent economy, and suggests that such saving of expense might be devoted in some part to a charitable or useful object. Excellent advice; but little, perhaps, likely to be followed by survivors who feel themselves heavily enough burdened with Probate and Succession Duty.

Cowper's Task.

(In the "Nineteenth Century.")

To show the Rad bogey the merest of scares,
And prove that the "Old Whigs" are not without hairs.

MOTTO FOR THE NOTTS CRICKET TEAM.—"Shaw to win!"



A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

Mamma, "WELL, EVA, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING IN THE GLASS FOR? SMARTENING YOURSELF UP? EH?"

Eva, "OH DEAR NO! I DON'T WANT TO LOOK YOUNGER THAN I REALLY AM!"

THE POLITICAL POLO MATCH.

"Ho! give the Hobby-Horse more room to play in!"

Cries the old singer of "The Morrice Dance,"
The Hobby Game, as played our modern day in,
Lacks not for scope. See how they spur and prance,
The rival Champions at the old-new sport,
Loved now as in the days of HARRY'S Court!

Modes shift, but motives change not. Fast and furious
Waxes the fray as in old tilting lists.
Lay on! lay on! Can such hot zeal be spurious?
After the ball! What eager turns and twists!
What is the sphere that makes such toil and trouble?
Is it more firm than Folly's flying bubble?

Who, in mid-chase, asks what the quarry's worth;
Hot on the trail and fierce in emulation?
Polo pour rire may move the Sage to mirth,
But a pea-bladder-bout's an occupation
As serious as exchange of thunder-blasts
In red and real Battle—whilst it lasts!

Thwack! Thwack! This way and that way flies the ball,
As each bold rider deals his mighty "smite."
Which one shall make a goal, which fail or fall?
Are solemn questions shrouded in sheer night.
Who can help musing, though, 'midst all the pother,
How like the Champions are to one another?

Did they change Hobby-Horses—fearsome thought
To their excited backers, howling yonder!—
Had they perchance under changed colours fought,
What would have been the difference, we wonder?
Would they have fought with less tremendous daah,
Or would the world have come to utter smash?

But each his mount has chosen, for the time,
And each seems bent on winning this one match;

Each to outpace the other burns. Sublime,
When in the Hobby-Tourney Patch meets Patch!
Yet some may feel, by furious feints unshaken,
Such fights may be too seriously taken!

A PHILISTINE ON THE PRIMROSE.

Is there any such Primrose as a September Primrose? Lord TENNYSON, according to an admirer of the noble Laureate, has answered the question in some lines in his *In Memoriam*, representing

"The primrose of the later year
As not unlike to that of Spring."

The Tennysonian, touching this testimony of TENNYSON's, justly remarks that: "If he says that there is such a primrose, we may rely upon it that he is right." No doubt; but does TENNYSON say that there are any autumnal primroses other in their kind than autumnal apple-blossoms, abnormal and uncommon? Everybody knows that primroses in September are nothing like so plentiful as blackberries, and that there is no proportion whatever between the Michaelmas Primrose and the Michaelmas Daisy.

Is it quite impossible that the "primrose" of *In Memoriam* may have been a slip of the pen, and that, by the flower so written down, the Poet in his own mind really meant the crocus, that is to say the Autumn Crocus, identical to the eye with the Spring Crocus—the meadow-saffron (*Colchicum autumnale*), so celebrated as a cure for gout and rheumatism?

DRYASDUMB.

Mem. by M'Calvity.

"Balder—the Hope of Spring—is nothing but a symbolisation of reviving Nature."—*Times' Criticism on Mr. C. W. Lloyd's "Song of Balder," produced at the Hereford Festival.*

REVIVING Nature? Hope of Spring? That's pleasant!
But quite a piece of humbug, I should say.
Were it but true, I were rejuvenescent,
For I—alas!—am Balder every day!



THE POLITICAL POLO MATCH.

SHOOTING DISTRICTS.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Bread all Bun.

Killin.

THE TOURIST IN TOWN.

THE "FLEET" ON THE THAMES.

How to get on Board.—By paying a small charge, rising from one penny up to four shillings and sixpence. The Money-takers, as a rule, are either extremely melancholy or ultra-savage. The former generally sell in a plaintive sort of fashion cheap cigars and superfluous hat-guards, the latter show a disposition to question your right to a ticket by vacating their boxes when a steamboat hails in sight. Having purchased your voucher, you get on to the pier, which is usually undergoing certain mysterious repairs. Some of the landing-stages are bright with flowers and substantially built, but others (notably that of Vauxhall Bridge) are gloomy and shaky. A man who sits upon one of the benches at the pier just indicated is worthy either of the Victoria Cross for bravery, or apartments at Hanwell, Colney Hatch, or HOLLOWAY'S In-Sanatorium at Virginia Water for dangerous lunacy. The usual fashion of conducting embarking and disembarking, as adopted by the "Servants of the Company," is to allow the boat to approach the floating barge within measurable distance, to make an abortive demonstration with a rope, and ultimately to huddle the passengers over a watery chasm with a long jump and the cry, "Now then, look sharp, if you are going!" Pier-masters of a jocular turn of mind, however, prefer the great "Crusoe Act," which consists in bringing the end of the ladder sharply and unexpectedly down upon the feet of people waiting to come ashore close to the gangway.

Impressions on Board.—That the River certainly might be cleaner, —you have your doubts whether it could be dirtier. If you happen to have travelled in other steamers, you will be surprised that Londoners can put up with such miserable accommodation. If you take up your place in the bows, you will probably be half poisoned by rank tobacco; if you keep in the stern, you will certainly be sprinkled with "blacks" from the funnel. In either position you will have to sit upon a hard bench fashioned after a very primitive pattern. Should the rain compel you to take shelter in the "cabin," you will enter a small, badly-lighted, wretchedly-ventilated apartment, which in the course of a few minutes will, from excess of sojourners, become intolerable. At the entrance to some of the cabins you will find "Refreshment" counters (faintly reminding you of street apple-stalls) furnished with sweetstuff, buns, bottled ale, and other luscious luxuries. Returning to the deck, you will notice that the funnel at high tide is a thing not to be disregarded, especially if you happen to be seated underneath it when the boat is shooting a bridge. If you escape the funnel, it will be as well to look out for the attentions of the gamins who line the summits of the Westminster and Waterloo arches, because those attentions are more boisterous than pleasant. To sum up, if it is fine, you will get covered with soot; and should it rain, you will have the choice of either being drenched on deck or stifled in the cabin. Under these circumstances, it is not astonishing that the Shareholders of some of these steamboats have not been greatly troubled about receiving an embarrassingly heavy dividend.

Pleasure Trips.—There are several. If you are fond of running aground near Twickenham you can take a ticket for Hampton Court, when you will have the privilege of travelling by a vessel specially built for the voyage, which moves at the rate of at least two knots

an hour. If you are more ambitious, have learned to love "Southend-on-Sea," and have not Scotch views about the First Day of the week, you can embark on board a "saloon steamer" on a Sunday, and travel down to that pleasant watering-place. Such an excursion will reveal to you that the golden rule of the vast majority of the passengers is "When in doubt drink a bottle of beer," and that the vast majority of the passengers consequently and seemingly spend their entire time in a condition of chronic perplexity. You will also note that a "saloon steamer" is considered incomplete unless it possesses a band of aged musicians, who look like sailors who have been instructed in the elements of music by self-taught Mermaids, very late in life. You will also observe that a large per-centage of the excursionists seemingly have recovered at some time or another from a smart attack of small-pox, and a yet larger per-centage are addicted to the fine old English occupation known as "drowning it in the bowl." If you have no objection to beer, music, suggested convalescence, and horseplay, you will find a water excursion to Southend-on-Sea altogether charming, but if you are not particularly fond of such "incidentals" why—why—you had better go by some other route.

Besides the above-mentioned diversions, there are, occasionally, "moonlight trips," which are conducted with a certain, or rather uncertain, consumption of stimulants. Farther a-field—at one of the Kentish watering-places—this idea was adopted by the owner of a private steamboat, who was (and perhaps is) in the habit of carrying out of the local jurisdiction of licensing Magistrates a cargo of bacchanals bent upon drinking spirits during land-prohibitive hours. It is reported that the captain of this mirth-provoking craft nearly became a second edition of the Flying Dutchman, by finding himself unable to see the pier (or rather he saw a great number too many piers), and, consequently, to enter the harbour! The legend relates that the strangely-steered vessel knocked about the bar until some hours after the store of alcohol had been exhausted.

General Conclusion.—That the river flowing through London is one of the finest sights in the world, and the most convenient highway imaginable, but that the fleet of steamboats is about as worthy of the Thames as the Fleet Ditch was worthy of Fleet Street. Cannot some patriotic descendant of the immortal VAN TROMP, whose family has been long enough settled in London to love it, sweep the existing conveyances from the water, in emulation of his great ancestor, and thus clear the road for vessels of better construction? VAN TROMP, VAN TROMP—bearer of the mystic broom—to the rescue!

SPEAKING "GENERALLY."

NOT very long ago, Lord NAPIER OF MAGDALA's suggestion that Retired Officers of the Army should be employed in civil occupations, was immortalised by one of *Mr. Punch's* expert Artists. A General was represented as having cooked a chop to a cinder, ruined a pair of boots in the vain attempt to polish them, and smashed the hall-lamp while feebly striving to clean it. In spite of this discouragement, other warriors (both British-born and foreign) still seek for situations, as the following advertisements—cut from the *Daily News* of the 27th ult.—clearly demonstrate:—

GERMAN GENERAL, speaking little English, with good references, open to immediate engagement.—To be seen, &c.

TWO GENERALS. Together or separate. Good characters. £12.—Apply, &c.

It seems almost cruel to sneer at the evident desire of these veterans to "make themselves generally useful." The appeal of the two Generals with "good characters" (no playing whist until 2 A.M. at the Senior or putting into the Derby Sweep at the Junior United Service more than they can afford, but real "good characters!") is quite pathetic. The aged soldiers, who no doubt have fought and bled on many a well-contested field, are anxious to come "together," or should crumble otherwise decree (stout, brave hearts!) "separate." No doubt they would like to serve shoulder to shoulder, side by side, say as cook and house and parlour-maid, or nurse and under-nurse! But business is business, and should there be only one vacancy, they will dry their eyes, wipe the tears from their hoary moustaches, and come "separate." Strange to say, the idea of Lord NAPIER OF MAGDALA is not entirely original, but merely an adaptation from Mr. PEPPY in his *Diary* for the year 1665, just two hundred and thirty years ago (this calculation deserves a prize for arithmetic!) the then Secretary to the Admiralty wrote:—

"It might have been better for the King to have his hands tied a little than have such a crew about him, and be liable to satisfy the demands of everyone about him. But what! You shall see the captain turned a shoemaker, the lieutenant a baker, this a brewer, that a haberdasher, the common soldier a porter, and every man in his apron and frock, as if he had never done anything else."

So the whirligig of Time turns on, making the General of the past the shoeblack of the future, the Director of Warlike Stores of yesterday the Manager of Co-operative Grocery of to-morrow!



VESTMENTS!

(Our New Incumbent was disposed to be "High.")

Younger Countryman. "I ZAY, GEORGE, WHAT WUR THAT PARSON HAD ACROST HIS SHOULDER 'SUNDAY! 'LOOKED LIKE SOME O' HIS WIFE'S THINGS."

Elder Countryman. "'CA-ANT ZAY 'M ZHEWER. I HEERED UN ZAY A WUR 'STOLE."

Younger Countryman. "STOLE! NA, NA; I WOULDN' THINK THAT O' 'PARSON! MORE LIKE SOME O' THESE 'ERE NEW 'ARVEST DICK'RATIONS!"

A SHOT IN THE DARK.

IN his evidence given before the Committee on Building and Repairing Ships, the late Director of Naval Construction, has not much encouraging news for those who are looking hopefully to some signs of progress in the Ordnance Department:—

"We may," (says this candid official) "design a ship for what we call a 40-ton gun. We do not know what a 40-ton gun is; we do not know its charge; we do not know its projectile; we do not know its length; we do not know its energy of recoil, although we have to take it up. All our ships are designed for an unknown gun. Beyond the knowledge that it will weigh about 40 tons, we know nothing, and we have to wait for years before we do know."

This confession of absolute ignorance is not encouraging, yet, at the same time, there is a

plain-spoken ring about it that promises for the future. It is something to have it on such excellent authority, that for all intents and purposes, one arm of the service is working practically without any relation to the other, and that while Woolwich is turning out a "40-ton gun," Portsmouth has not the remotest idea what that apparently vaguely constructed weapon is like. When the latter emporium boldly confesses that all its ships are designed for "an unknown gun," and in fact, in the language of the Laureate, roundly says, concerning its own special business,

"Behold, we know not anything!"

it is high time that some one looked into the matter, and such appears to be the opinion of the late Director of Naval Construction himself. That "we shall have to wait years," as he suggests in a melancholy vein, "before we do know," may, however, be doubted, in the face of recent revelations. The new Armour-clad about to be laid down at Portsmouth will probably be designed to hold a gun about which the Constructors will have been furnished with some preliminary particulars. After the admission of their late Director, it is to be expected that their own energy of recoil will be equal to the task not only of taking the new gun up, but also to making themselves judiciously acquainted with its length, the amount of its charge, and even with the character of its projectile.

"READY, AY READY!"

THE following *bon mot*, *à propos* of the German and Spanish difficulty, "that has been going the round of Berlin," deserves, so says the Correspondent of the *Times*, "to be mentioned," and he furnishes it accordingly. Here it is:—

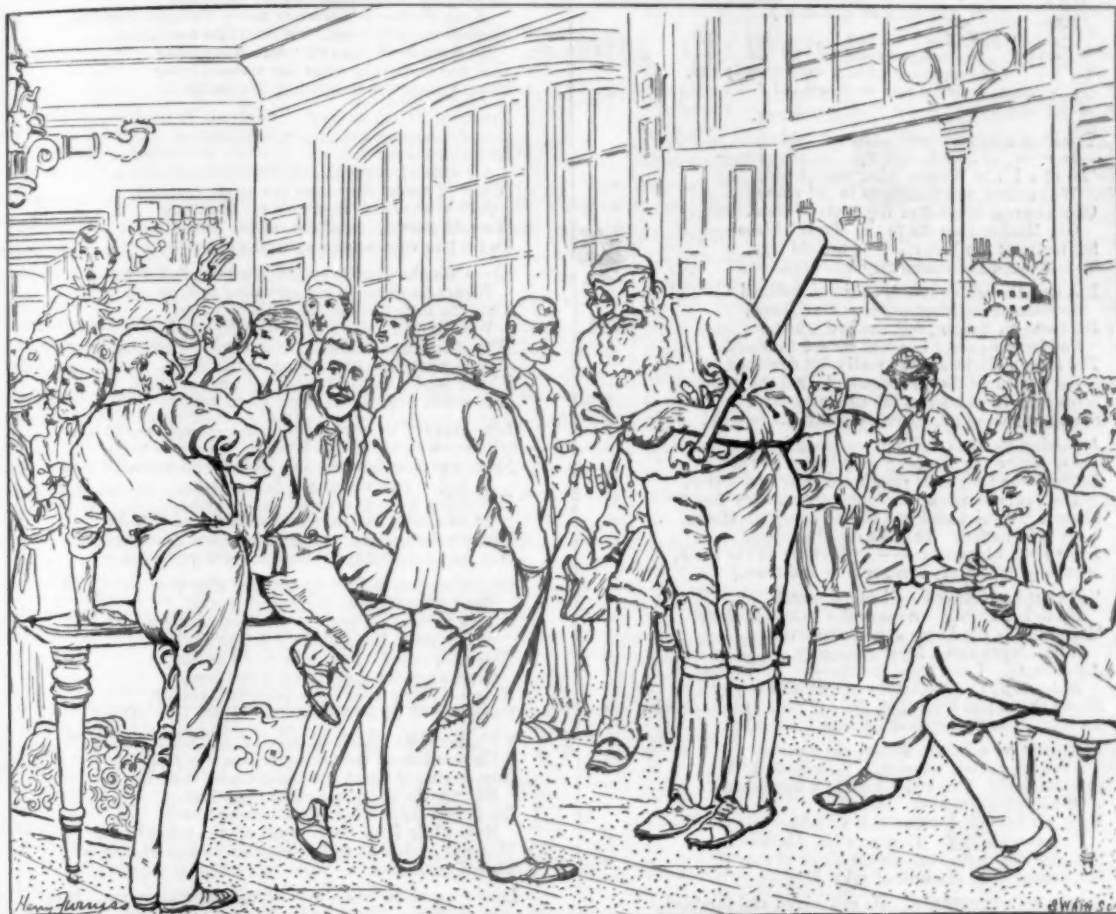
"*Avez-vous reçu des nouvelles des Carolines?*" inquired a member of the *Telegraphique Conference* the other evening of the Postmaster-General at a social gathering. "*Du tout,*" replied his Excellency Herr VON STEPHAN, with ready wit, "*Du tout; mais bien de nouvelles Carolines. Voilà! essayons!*" as he offered his interlocutor a box of the best Havannah brand, amid the applause of the bystanders."

The story is, of course, excellent, and the wit remarkably ready; and the applause of the bystanders, who must have been literally convulsed with laughter at this brilliant and remarkable outburst of His Excellency Herr VON STEPHAN, intelligible enough. But what a pity that the humour is so limited in the matter of quantity! Evidently, when such a sally could be launched off-hand—and the above shows no signs of previous preparation—satire may have been said to be in the very air. In fact, a whole heap of good things must have been flying about the other evening at the Postmaster-General's social gathering.

Indeed one can only regret that the wary Correspondent who is responsible for the publicity accorded to this particular *bon mot*, did not keep his ears wider open, and chronicle his experience. Had he done so, all lovers of light-hearted mirth, tinged with point and delicacy, would, to judge from the single specimen that has reached them, have had indeed quite a rare treat. They ought certainly to look out eagerly for the next good thing that is considered good enough "to go the round of Berlin."

NEW (SPANISH) VERSION OF AN OLD PROVERB.—"Yap may be a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 19.



THE END OF THE CRICKETING SEASON.

A FEW OF THE GENTLEMEN PLAYERS CAUGHT BY OUR ARTIST AT LORD'S.

ATTEND, all ye who love to see our noble Cricket "cracks,"
Here you may get a peep at them, their faces and their backs,
And these are broad, and those are bright, for merry men of muscle
Are they who on our British sward have met in many a tussle.
Foremost stands WILLIAM GILBERT GRACE, he of the raven beard,
By British bowlers dreaded much, by British boys revered.
For twenty years our Champion unchallenged, still he stands
With boyish zeal and nerves of steel, broad shoulders, mighty hands.
Shoulders that "open" smitingly, and hands that never "muff,"
Of whose long scores the cheering "ring" have never quantum suff.
How many an English lad, if asked who would he choose to be
Of all our worthies, like a shot would answer—W. G.?
And him to whom Leviathan, low bending, gaily chats,
Pray who is he? The great I. D., erst brilliantest of bats.
Sit at the Oval or at Lords, and many an ancient talker,
Will tell you of the wondrous feats long since of I. D. WALKER,
Ex-Captain he of Middlesex. Behold, too, at his side
His smart successor, A. J. WEBBE, aforetime Oxford's pride.
Whilst close behind him, Lancashire's great hero of the bat,
Sits, as the Cockneys know him well a-field "without 'is 'at!"
The dashing A. N. HORNBY. With his hand upon his hip,
Lord HARRIS stands. He Kent commands, and seldom a chance let's
slip.

Above his shoulder peers the face of W. W. READ,
The boast of Surrey, piler up of scores right few succeeded
In topping. To C. W. WRIGHT, ex-Cantab crack, chats he,
Above them both behold THE STUDD, Cambridge's great C. T.,
Late brilliant bat and bowler grand, to Cricket lost, alas!
Since he to "where Chineses drive" as preacher pleased to pass.

They do not "drive" as once he drove—for sixes. Cam's great sons
Find yet another member in his neighbour, genial "Buns,"
The Slogger C. I. THORNTON, save by BOWEN never beaten,
Who spanked o'er the Pavilion when, a lad, he played for Eton,
And can hit to the next parish when he fairly "lands" a ball.
Lord! how the groundlings chortle at his hitting clean and tall!
Brilliant O'BRIEN, Oxford's joy, comes next, then Surrey's crack,
The slim and supple DIVER, clean of limb, and straight of back,
Who runs like GEORGE, and throws like Thor. Next stands his
Captain smart,

The dashing J. C. SHUTER, who right well has played his part.
Far to the right sits A. G. STEEL, ex-Cantab, master he
Alike of bat and ball, to none save only W. G.
Second, the pride of Lancashire, in style, as skill, A. I.
Close at his back, with curly crop, stands great A. LITTLETON,
Behind the stumps unbeatable, free bat and slashing field.
Without sits A. P. LUCAS; he to none afoot need yield
In mingled fire and finish, so correct and clean of play,
All hope upon the tented field to see him many a day.
So Punch's pen plays picture-guide, and gives unto the million,
That joy of every Cricketer, a Peep at the Pavilion!

A DANGER FOR DYNAMITERS.—MR. PARNELL, at a banquet lately
given him, is said to have told his hearers that "he hoped it might
be possible for them to have a platform with only one plank, and
that the plank of national independence." It is to be hoped that none
of them will, by their acts and deeds, be finally brought to a platform
composed of more planks than one.

FITZDOTTEREL: OR, T'OTHER AND WHICH?

(By the Earl of L-t-n.)

"Supposing I was you,
Supposing you was me,
And supposing we both was somebody else,
I wonder who we should be?"

CANTO IV.—MUDDLEMENT.

THERE is a legend—and a legend, told
In verse, at length, fills up a lot of space.—
'Tis of a Little Woman who, though old,
Was active, and assiduous in the chase
Of that great Magnet of Humanity—Gold.
One Market Day she to the Market Place
Set forth, at the best speed of her old legs,
To sell,—and her commodity was eggs.
But age, though active, is at times inclined
To somnolence inopportune. Our Dame,
Half way to Market, felt she had a mind
For forty winks. She was indeed to blame;
The King's Highway was really not designed
For ancient "Happy Dossers." All the same,
Stretching herself upon the sloping sward,
She slept; some scholiasts even say she snored!
A passing Pedlar spied her prostrate form,
As, covered by her long grey linsey gown,
Beneath the hedge she slumbered snug and warm.
The Pedlar's name was STOUT. An angry frown
Showed his strict soul was stirred as with a storm
Of indignation. Then he sat him down,
Drew forth his scissors— (Here we do the same,
And snip out twenty stanzas trite and tame.)
"He cut her petticoats all round about
Up to her knees." So says the naïve old story.
'Tis probable the Dame and Pedlar STOUT
A Sun Myth and a Mystic allegory
Adumbrate. I can trace therein— (No doubt!
But—snip!) A ballet-nymph in all her glory
Shows skirts less brief than did our poor Dame Durdin
As home that Pedlar plodded with his burden.
Knee-nipt by a North-Easter, she awoke,
Knowing herself no whit. "It is not I!"
She shrieked. This strikes me as a subtle stroke
Of poignant tragedy. Identity
Must not be trifled with; it is no joke
To lose one's self. That poor old Durdin's cry
Sky-cleaving from beneath her cloak of camel,
Is awfuller than the wail of inky Hamlet.
So found FITZDOTTEREL. He got mixed and jumbled,
Like our old dame, beyond self-recognition,
And, to mend matters, he and HERMANN tumbled
Down a crevasse together. Their position,
When found, was puzzling. Doom's dark voice had rumbled
About them bodingly; weird premonition
Had dogged them close. And now the thing was ended,
They found poor HERMANN by a rope suspended.
BEEVOR had thrown it to his aid,—it coiled,
Serpent-like, round his throat. The hand of Fate
May not be dodged, nor Doom's decrees be foiled!
Down, down they flew; FITZDOTTEREL's very weight
His friend's last slender chance of safety spoiled.
Slung o'er a peak they found them, all too late,
Suspended, BEEVOR by his waist, and HERMANN
By his snap neck. Poor rash, rough-tempered German!
This for the local press was food most dear,
And thus 'twas summed:—"We hear, with deep regret,
The dreadful death of a young English Peer,
One Lord FITZDOTTEREL." (Full details, you bet,
Here follow.) "His companion, mere small beer
Of Teuton tap, it seems, is living yet:
Though—having interviewed his lady-nurse—
We fear no case of smash could well be worse."
Ah! poor POLONIUS-EDELWEISS! He read
This "par." some three months later. "Heavens!" he
shouted,
"Wondrous is Fate—and Science! BEEVOR dead,
And by a *sus. per col.*! And I half doubted
Hereditry, my life-long hobby, led
By love, which theory and experience flouted!
Awful! Delightful!!" Here he tore his hair.
A Savant's triumph, and a Sire's despair,

Mixed, make a queer emotional salad. Mixed?
All Life, like Teas, is mixed, the black the green
In varying proportions, which betwixt
Kong-fu-tzee's—(Scissors sharp through seventeen
Stanzas on Souchong!) EDLWEISS soon fixed
To hunt up HERMANN; but *Evangeline*
Had fewer rambles after her strayed lover
Than EDLWEISS in striving to recover

Traces of PUMPERNICKEL. Souls are harried—
In fiction—by Fatality's machination.
Lost clues, long illnesses, missives miscarried,
All sorts of cob-web fashioned complications,
(Until of course they once got safely married)
So few were else Romance's "situations"
'Twould puzzle e'en a poet, and a Tory,
To fill two vols. octavo with this story.

Those who have some experience in such things,
Would be exceedingly surprised to hear,
That the fortuitous angel without wings,
Who nursed "the comrade of the fated peer,"
Was other than "Lone GRETECHEN." Fate that brings
Such miracles about, to our dull sphere,
Would lend a charm beyond all contradiction,
If it would not confine them all to fiction.

Lone GRETECHEN nursed him back—of course—to life.
This—well the Little Woman, when she woke
From wayside slumber, felt less mental strife
As to her own identity. 'Tis no joke,
Especially when one would woo a wife,
To halt, like BURIDAN's oft-mentioned "Moke,"
Between two selves, as fogged as Lord Dundreary
O'er finger-counting. BEEVOR grew quite weary

Of asking "Is it I?" and envied much
The Little Woman her unerring dog,
Whose bark could put the question to the touch.
So stumbled he in doubt's Serbonian bog.
Nose teipsum? Nay, how could he clutch
Comfort in that, as, lying like a log,
He passed long weeks in a perpetual pother,
Revolving Who is Which, and Which is T'other?

"Oh, for some sweet, all-solving Strawberry mark!"
He murmured, memories of *Box and Cox*
Glimmering through his spirit's mental dark.
But no, the nigritude of Ancient Nox
Environed still his spirit's storm-tost bark.
Meanwhile Lone GRETECHEN, of the ochre looks,
Watched, listened, and amidst his broken blether—
'Cute Teuton maid!—"put this and that together."

Lone GRETECHEN was—well, lump all SHAKESPEARE'S ladies
With *Becky Sharp* and a Mesmeric Medium,
And you will have her. PROSERPINE in Hades,
Or PSYCHE in Boetia. (There is tedium
In leagues of Lemprière, so—snip!) A maid is
An oasis in Life's flat, seedy, greedy hum,
When she's as fair, and what the cad calls "fetcchin,"
As that shrewd piece of saintliness, Lone GRETECHEN.

At last her fever-phrenzied patient rallied,
His wits still wandering, but his bones all whole;
Forth for a solitary stroll he sallied,
And spied a huge pipe with a china bowl,
Behind which loomed some features vague, which tallied
With some vague memories of his muddled soul.
A rush—a cry—and on the sward lay scattered
The smoker and his pipe to fragments shattered!

"Donner und blitzen! I am choked! Let go!"
Sputtered a German voice as through a fog.
"FITZDOTTEREL, Keep your Pecker up!!!" "Oh! Oh!"
Shrieked the Much Mazed One, falling like a log
On EDLWEISS'S shirt. "At last I know
Myself! You're better than the Old Dame's dog
You dear old Sausage! Let me have a cry!
Heaven hath mercy on me! It is I!!!"

A PROVERB FOR PLAYGOERS (with Mr. Punch's congratulations to Mr. Harris).—A vast amount of Human Nature can always be found both before and behind the Curtain—at Drury Lane!

MOTTO FOR GREENWICH.—"The early BOORD picks up DE WORMS."

THE ANTIPODES.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

In the Court of Equity,
BEFORE HIS HONOUR THE PRIMARY JUDGE.

In Equity.—(Before his Honour the PRIMARY JUDGE.)

ENO v. HOGG.

Another case of commercial piracy was disposed of by Sir WILLIAM MANNING on Tuesday last. Mr. S. P. Hogg, having been proved guilty of infringing the Trade-Mark of Mr. J. C. ENO, of Fruit Salt renown, was assessed in damages to the tune of £100. This is the third case of the kind that has been before the Court during the past few months. ENO was the Plaintiff, and DAVIES & Co., of Goulburn, were the Defendants. The charge was that the Defendants had infringed the Trade-Mark of the Plaintiff in respect of his preparation known as Fruit Salt. The evidence disclosed the fact that the Plaintiff's bottles and labels had been closely imitated by the Defendants, and the Judge declared this imitation was the result of a deliberate intention to defraud. The defence was a practical admission of fraud, and the fact that it was set up is itself a sufficient justification for the sentence of the Judge. The Defendant pleaded that the term "Fruit Salt" was applied to several other manufactures besides the one for which he was responsible, and that his commodity was so

dissimilar to that of the Plaintiff that there could have been no deception. Paraphrased, the former part of the plea says:—Other people do what I am accused of having done; therefore I ought not to be punished. Fortunately, that kind of reasoning has no weight in the Supreme Court. The latter part of the plea was contradicted by the production of packages of the Defendant's commodity. These did not exactly resemble the Plaintiff's preparations, but there were many points of similarity between the two. As the Judge remarked, "the imitation was not so palpable as in some other cases, yet it had gone as far as the imitator dared." The suspicion is created that when the Defendant included the words "Fruit Salt" in the name of the commodity which he manufactured for sale, his intention was to deceive. Frauds of the kind referred to are common, and the public of course suffer greatly thereby. The expressed determination of Sir WILLIAM MANNING to severely punish every person who may be proved guilty before him of having committed such offences, will, however, have the effect of causing manufacturers whose Trade-Marks are being infringed to prosecute the pirates, and thus the evil, we may hope, will be made to cease.—*Sydney Morning Herald*, July 2.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—A new invention is brought before the Public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the Public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.—ADAMS.

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